

# Canaan's Bracelet by Vinnie Paz

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Canaan's Bracelet

[Intro]

9 Millimeter (Point 8)

A 38 revolver it really hurts

I had 6 of them in me It hurts real bad

(Real Bad)

That's why right now I issue then receivin' I ships it

Guys don't fight anymore

(They don't do what we do)

They used to fight but they don't do that anymore

Guns, all about shootin'

(Takin' em' out)

When it comes to the homefront (right) that's when we use them

(Yes) and when he comes shootin' us we go back and shoot him

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Pistol grip pump on my lap it's armed robbery

My ahki did 3 in the feds like he Ron Isley

You wanna go gun for gun, then come party

And if this gon' be a jihad then bomb wisely

Batiman, homie you the walking definition

Allah know I'd rather ask for forgiveness than permission

I'm on my square, ain't no one can knock me out position

This ain't a rhyme, ahki, this a fucking demolition

I'm from Philly homie, everywhere is gunfire

Glock .40 cripple you, I'm out before the blood dry

Every living thing grow from a seed

And these bullets got your name on 'em, I hope you can read

See this semi-auto ugly but it definitely jam

So it's 2 revolvers on me like Yosemite Sam

Camouflage Regime, what the fuck you expect?

I ain't asking homie just give me my fucking respect

Toma!

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

5-star [?] elite Akhbar

Lines harder than penitentiary bars just to beat the odds  
Splash you in bodily parts, your arm is getting scarred  
Young gun, I been a don, no rapper can hold 'em on  
Any track on impact I spit my whole gorilla on  
Do more than just kill a song  
Physically i murder the track 'til the beats soul is gone  
Intense heat inside of my lines hot as a sun core  
Look what I'm ridin' for  
Basically was born to score, boss you should honor more  
Just a diamond in force clappin' your whole squadron off  
Yeah whack rappers were crossed  
Makhti never endorsed  
I just pay to knock 'em off, and enforcin' the holocaust  
[?] inside the booth tossin' molotovs  
Black Mikhail Gorbachev, the hood Hyman Roth  
Narcotic lines are raw, watch how I just get 'em off  
If I stepped away the whole rap game be at a total loss

[Verse 3: Iron Sheikh]

They say the Iron Sheikh hotter than hell but the soul thirsty  
The game over you could hang it up like the old derbys  
Blow purpy hoes curvy like Nicole Murphy  
The chrome hurky, but the clip long like old slurpys  
Flow murky hoes slurp me on this gold journey  
My heroine is medicine, who goin' cold turkey?  
You'll die alone and buy and moan eating firestones  
I supply the bros who supply the bros  
I buy the clothes for the flyest hoes, that's a lot of dough  
I supply the bros who supply the bros  
That's a lot of dope  
I gotta go  
Pina colada flows Prada coats  
Custom made Gabbana boats with a lotta dope  
No tears dripping for beer sippers  
Ancient prayer scriptures  
Gucci flare zippers with weird slippers  
[?]

[Verse 4: Agallah]

On Allah, that's my word we ain't taking no L's  
Let off the 5th, after that I'ma pick up the shells

One of my verses get the whole team out on bail  
Another verse put the Colombian up on the scale  
Put the hammer to the nail I am just setting the sail  
Make me do time but nah man my mind won't fail  
Coach to this lifestyle, you gotta follow the grail  
Sloppy with your gun work I see you leaving a trail  
Paz, Tragedy and Agallah helluva combo  
Mafia snipe n\*\*\*as, no Sammy Gravano  
Gambino shit n\*\*\*a, it's mano e mano  
Multiple gunshot wounds like Paul Castellano  
Yeah, 'cause my n\*\*\*as, they wanna kill, kill, kill  
I try and tell them n\*\*\*as chill, chill, chill  
N\*\*\*as thirsty, they wanna see the blood all spill  
You a vampire n\*\*\*a, you should sharpen your grill  
Caste you in a 3D printer man we like Gomorrah  
I can tell a killer by his looks and his aura  
Le Coq Sprotif, catch me in some Diadorras  
Stand my ground like the whole state of Florida  
What